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Illinois Infantry - 1

ADDRESS

TO THE

3rd Regiment IllinoisVolunteer Infantry,

BY

Colonel JAMES F. JAQUES,

AT A

REUNION

HELD IN

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS,

October 8th—10th, 1860.



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JAQUESS, JAMES FRAZIER, 1819-1898.

9 Address to the 73rd regiment Illinois volun-
48 teer infantry. By Colonel James F.Jaques, at a
reunion held in Springfield, Illinois, October
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 OMRADES: we are once more in the beautiful capital of the great State of Illinois; a noble Commonwealth which we all delight to honor, and by which we are honored in turn; we are once more in the home of our own *Abraham Lincoln*, the man of noble deeds, and of pure and patriotic motives, who had ability and opportunity to serve his country well, whose memory we most fondly cherish, and whose remains repose near where we are assembled, under the watchful eye, and unceasing vigilance of a grateful nation.

When first we met in Springfield, twenty-eight years ago, we came in response to our country's call, in time of its imminent peril, and its life and death struggle; and were enrolled for a campaign, among the most important and momentous in the history of Christian civilization.

At that time we could not even conjecture what awaited us in the campaign for which we were booked, and upon which we were about to enter. Nor was it ours to make enquiry, and if we had, and learned in its fullest extent and most minute detail, all that we

should encounter in the labor and duties before us, not one of us would have halted, turned back, or quit the ranks, or sought or accepted a substitute to take our places. It was enough for us to know that our cherished institutions were threatened with speedy destruction: it was enough for us to see the dark clouds of war hurrying across the heavens, appearing ever darker and nearer, a strong and determined foe springing up in our very midst, and marshalling his legions with such promptness as meant general ruin, if not checked by force meeting force on the field.

We came from our quiet homes, and from our avocations of peace and industry, regretting the necessity, and the emergency that called for our services to repel a threatened danger and to suppress a rebellion for which there existed no reasonable excuse with those who brought it about. We came, promptly, came to lay ourselves upon the altar of the best government in the world, an altar built by the fathers of the Republic, and dedicated to the perpetual union of these States, the Liberty of the People, and the hope of the world. More than this we could not do at that time, more than we did subsequently could not have been done by mortals. We did what we could—we did our best—men and angels could do no better.

Our second coming to Springfield was from the front—an eminent four years' work behind us—our work completed; a work finished by action as constant and unremitting as time itself. We came with our ranks greatly thinned, only a fraction of what we were in the beginning left—our numbers reduced—not by desertion but by slaughter upon the battle fields of the war. We came, the rebellion suppressed, and the country saved, to

receive honorable discharge from a service which had been extended much beyond the time of our original enlistment, and to receive the congratulations of family, friends, home, and happy country, and to enjoy a peace which we had conquered.

We are here once more, after the lapse of a quarter of a Century, with diminished, and still decreasing numbers, to enjoy a reunion dear to the hearts of comrades in arms, and as best we can, in the brief time allotted to the meeting, to review the past, stand face-to-face with the present, and if time shall be allowed us, we may take a glance into the future, full of charming promise and cheering hope.

Two things are cause of profound gratitude with us who are here present to day, viz: *first*, that we were counted worthy, if the fearful struggle must come, to take part in it; and *second*, that it was our good fortune, under a gracious Providence, to survive and come out of the fierce and fiery conflict. That we did so survive, and are here present to day, having escaped other perils, and numerous accidents which have fallen upon comrades during, and since the war—now absent from us in body, but we may hope, present in spirit; is not because we were stronger, braver, or better soldiers than they were, or more skilful—while more fortunate —than they were, in avoiding or escaping the missiles of death that filled the air, and flew thick and fast about us and them. They were taken, and we were left; they were promoted to another service, and to a higher life, and have entered upon their promised reward, while we are left to recount their many deeds of heroic courage, and to honor, and hallow their memories, by achieving fresh laurels in the great battle of life.

A review of the battlefields of the war, with their attendant scenes of horror, and of slaughter, and of death, are not reflections—even at this distance of time and place—upon which we can find pleasure in dwelling, however profitable it might be. But there were incidents and happenings in the many campaigns and battles in which we took important part, which require, in passing, some special attention. We helped to make many interesting, and most valuable pages of history between the dates of our muster into, and our discharge from the service. Part of that history has been written by comrades, and printed in a book which will be read, not by ourselves alone, but by many friends, with deep interest. Other and many chapters of that history will be found only in the records of eternity, and will not be read till the Great Book of Life shall be opened at the last day.

All along the great past there are periods of time, even Centuries, that have sent down to us very little useful history. No part of the 19th Century will be barren of useful instruction to those who have the good fortune to live in it, or to come upon the great stage of life when it shall have passed, and left its record behind. But the last half of the Century will be the best teacher the world has yet had, in all that appertains to human progress, and national prosperity. Even a glance at some of these pages will not give pleasure unalloyed to the reader; but may be specially grievous to us who took prominent, and active part in happenings which sent so many of our comrades to hastily prepared graves. We turn with horror from all such scenes—even the remembrance of them is grievous to us; but can never be forgotten by our

thinned ranks here to day, quite all that are left of the one thousand that enlisted and went out at first.

Thoughts of our worthy dead, some of whom perished in prison pens under circumstances most revolting to human nature, and disgraceful to christian civilization. These are some of the reflections which come up before us, and will not down. Nevertheless this seems a fit occasion for us to dwell with some minuteness, and particularly upon some of the incidents of the war which require explanation and elucidation, as matters of history.

You have selected the anniversary of our first battle, viz:—Perryville, Ky.,—for holding your reunion. It is well chosen, being our first engagement as an organization, and marks an incident in our soldiering and army experiences always to be remembered.

We made few blunders or mistakes during the war, but under the circumstances, this was a very special, and marked success; since we had not, as a Regiment, before been under fire, and it is understood, in military and other circles as well, that a soldier's courage is an unknown and uncertain quantity till test be made of it under the ordeal of fire. The circumstances of this engagement were somewhat peculiar, and threw upon us heavy responsibilities, for mere apprentices in the service, and were well calculated to test our courage and staying qualities. The disaster and rout of our forces on the left of our line of battle, in the early part of the day, had to some extent confused our lines, and demoralised our army somewhat, a fact which the enemy were quick to discover, and prompt to take advantage of. Inspired with fresh hope, and renewed courage, for it was not without hard fighting and heavy

loss that he had scored this advantage on our left, quickly determined to effect, if possible, the same success on our right, and thus bring rout and ruin on our whole line. For this purpose, and with this view he massed his forces of infantry and artillery, in overwhelming numbers in our immediate front, and was advancing, as we could clearly see, across the open plain in front, to attack and drive us from the field. At this moment General Sheridan rode up, and saluting, as his custom was, after explaining, briefly, but more fully than I had known before, the nature and extent of the misfortune on our left, said "The enemy are advancing there in full force, and will be upon you in a few minutes. The fortune of the day now turns upon your holding your position here *for one half hour*—this—continued the General—will give us time to reform our broken lines on the left, and yet save the day; *Can you do it?*" With evident anxiety enquired the General. My reply promptly given was, not only *for a half hour* but while a man of the 73rd is left. By this time the enemy was upon us in full force, and assailed our position with the courage of desperation. For one hour and a half, every man of you in his place, as firm and steady as the Laws of Gravitation, till the opportune moment came when we moved out upon the enemy; he was driven from the field, and the day was ours—fairly and honestly won. It is estimated by military men, that from six to twelve months is the least time in which an army can be organised, equipped, and set in motion. The ink on our muster rolls was scarcely dry before we were on the move—we were at the throats of the enemy, and had fought the battle of Perryville, Ky. If we halted or slept it was as the Lion sleeps, with paws well

under him, and ready to spring. I have heard that your Colonel grew eloquent in *looks* and *language* in describing your heroic conduct to General Sheridan and other officers, after the battle of Perryville. He that has a *good theme* and is in *earnest*, is eloquent—Rhetoricians tell us. You certainly did well as beginners. I do not know that you could have done better as veterans. That dead lift at Perryville showed that you had in you the stuff that the true soldier is made of, established your reputation, and gave you a place at the front ever after, which you well maintained.

I have referred to some of the facts connected with the battle of Perryville, for the reason that a little later on, with your permission, they may be referred to again, or called up in passing.

It is proper to mention here, that at the time of this our first engagement with the enemy, in the time of our military pupilage, we were quite our original number. We had full eight hundred muskets, all well directed and held by strong arms, and steady hands; firm to the last.

The most fearful disaster to us, by far, during the war occurred at Chickamauga, on that bloody Sunday; the enemy the attacking party—and under circumstances favourable to himself, though not specially unfavorable to ourselves. Chickamauga, one of the bloodiest pictures in the records of time, or to be found in the annals of war, and most disastrous to the 73rd, being as usual in the front, and as occurred more than once, without support. This misfortune happened through no fault of ours, but because someone had blundered; and where to blunder was quite inexcusable—and most disastrous.

Our grand success at Perryville was owing, in part at least, to the fact that we were allowed to select the ground upon which to make our stand and defence, and the position proved to be well chosen: and most heroically did you defend it till the well, and hard fought field was ours. Never did mortal, soldier or other, do a better *ninety minutes' work* than that you did at Perryville, and it might have been repeated at Chickamauga. At Chickamauga we had selected an equally advantageous position, and one I have always believed that we could have held against overwhelming odds for hours, and certainly till the forces on our left, temporarily forced back, could have reformed, taken positions on favorable ground for defence, and resisted successfully, and as at Perryville, ultimately defeated the enemy. But we were ordered out of a defensible, well chosen position, hurried into a complete place of slaughter—a whirlpool of destruction, where defence was impossible, and where we were cut to pieces. We make no charges, here or elsewhere, against those responsible for this blunder, which brought ruin upon our army for a time, and death, and slaughter on so many brave men, who deserved a different fate from the hands of those whose office it was, in wisdom to lead us, or direct our movements. This is only one of those happenings amid the fortunes of war where even men of cool courage loose their heads and go wrong.

I can never think of Chickamauga but with a shudder of horror. The scene defies description, and must therefore be imagined as far as possible.

Tennyson's "*Charge of the Light Brigade*," at "*Balaclava*," comes nearer to a just delineation of the reality, than anything that I have seen in prose or poetry.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade;
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blund'rd:
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die;
 Into the Valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
 Cannon to the left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
 Cannon to the left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them
 Left of six hundred.”

In our case the few that came back from the Valley of Death as soon as we could form in line, I counted, and there were *Seventy Two*, but I forgot to count myself, and when counted it made *Seventy Three*—just the number of the Regiment—all told, officers and men.

Several that we had given up as lost came back to us afterwards, and were with us at Missionary Ridge and subsequent campaigns we made. But we never recovered from the shock and slaughter of Chickamauga.

It was two divisions of Longstreet's Corps, sent from Lee's army to reinforce Bragg, with a view to crush Rosecranz, that caused the disaster at Chickamauga. I endeavoured, and thought that I had informed Mr. Lincoln of the movement in ample time to provide against it; and having done this, hurried on to the front, where I arrived just in time to take part in the battle that followed. It was *Longstreet's Divisions* that we encountered, and that overwhelmed and cut us to pieces. It turned out that the important information I had sent, though in writing, did not fall into Mr. Lincoln's hands till long after: an incident of the war veiled in mystery, and attended with fearful consequences to General Rosecranz, and his brave army of the Cumberland.

At Missionary Ridge, our first encounter with the enemy after Chickamauga, and remembering well what had taken place there, and urged on with a fixed resolution to avenge the slaughter of our fellow comrades—Chickamauga being our watchword; we accomplished much more than we have received credit for so far as I have seen in print, or heard in speech. This may come in part, at least, from the fact—not that we acted in disobedience to orders—something we never did, but

our movements may have been a little in excess of orders. We were directed, on signal to be given, to advance, charge upon, assault, and take at the point of the bayonet, if need be, the first line of the enemy's works, situated at the foot of the ridge. To reach this first line of the defences before us, we must cross an open field or space of half mile in extent, after emerging from the cover of the woods in which we had formed for the movement. During the passage of this open space, which required several minutes, though the movement was executed with promptness and on the double-quick, we were subject to a murderous fire from the batteries in front, to the right and left, and from the rifle pits, when, and as we came in range of them. We were not long however, in executing this part of our orders, and driving the enemy from his first line of defences. This done our orders were to halt—but for what purpose, or for what length of time, or whose time-piece was to govern the halt, was not named, or signal for advance, if any, mentioned in our orders, so with an eye to strict obedience to orders, as was our uniform custom, we did two important things—the enemy meanwhile raining bullets, shot and shells upon us; we did halt—came to a dead halt—a perfect stand-still of a halt—but it was a mark-time halt, which lasted, as near as I could guess, all of five seconds—when the march up the ascent of the Ridge was resumed, and continued till the last line of works at the top of the Ridge was reached, and captured, as the other two had been, each in its turn and order. In accomplishing this somewhat hasty and self-imposed task, we captured more prisoners, including killed and wounded, than there were men in the Regiment at that

time. While it is true at the same time we lost fewer, in killed and wounded, than in any of the leading battles we were in, notwithstanding the enemy's works were strong, well placed, and bravely defended. Our comparative small loss was perhaps owing to the fact, that our line was so thin that it was quite impossible for any ordinary marksman to hit it.

Here let me recapitulate a little, and in so doing direct attention to some important facts—and you, comrades of the 73rd will bear me out, fully, in what I am about to say, viz: *First*, we were the *first* to cross and to advance beyond the first line of the enemy's works, situated at the base of the Ridge. *Second*, we were the *first* to reach, capture, and cross the second line of works, situated about half way up the ascent of the Ridge. *Third*, we were *first* in reaching and sealing the third, and last line of the enemy's works at the top of the Ridge; Bragg's battery was in our immediate front all the time. *Fourth*, I do not know, nor do I care to know who claimed the honor of capturing Bragg's battery, but one thing I do know, and assert, and that is, that we drove the enemy from their guns, and sent what we did not kill or capture whirling, and tumbling down the hill, in rear of the battery, we in hot pursuit: who may have had the good fortune to capture the battery, in question, after we had driven the stubborn and determined gunners from their places, and freed the immediate vicinity from danger, I am not careful to learn.

We are not to be reckoned among the list of disputants in questions of doubt—nor are we careful for honor claimed by others—our true record is our stronghold, and ample vindication if any shall be required.

There is a vast difference, and very wide margin between success and failure in any undertaking, and it may be counted specially so in matters military, and in the movements of armies on the battlefield—for a brilliant success, a slight tap on the shoulder will suffice, while failure is followed by court-martial. Had our forward movement at Missionary Ridge resulted in disaster to ourselves, and others who followed our lead, someone had been court-martialed and cashiered.

Failure and ruin to the army was predicted when the move commenced, or as we crossed the first line of works, by the officers in observation off there on Orchard Knob. But as a success was achieved, we were excused with meagre mention, and faint praise. No success like success, commenced and consummated at the opportune moment. Our somewhat precipitate leading of the ascent and capture of Missionary Ridge, was not the result of accident, nor did it come of council, or preconcerted agreement; nothing of the kind even among ourselves. If we had waited for these the complete triumph of our veteran forces—though pitted against veterans, would have come all the same, later on—for the result in its final issue was certain and fixed as fate, whether pleasing to the gods, and Cato or not. But that the battle was fought and the victory won, when, and as it was, came about by a common impulse which seized each and all of us comrades at one, and the same moment, and we had been false to our higher and inner selves, if we had not acted when, and as we did: a glorious opportunity was passing, we mounted it, and rode in triumph to certain and well merited victory. Hot blood may sometimes drive the human machinery too fast or too far. We

took a geometrical straight line, which was the shortest possible distance between us and our objective, and we went straight for it, steady and cool as mathematics. Rapidity of current, with plenty of depth beneath, is an excellent combination, and will sometimes sweep away the most formidable obstructions. Our friends will, and our enemies if we have any, must excuse us, under the peculiar circumstances. The eye of *Leonidas* was upon us, yonder in the distance, and we believed, verily, that the *Thermopyle* of the war had come, that we held the key, as well as the opportunity and went in accordingly, and won the fight.

Comrades of the *Serenty Third* Illinois Volunteers, that well fought day at Missionary Ridge, as elsewhere, you plucked unfading laurels from the cannon's mouth. That day's work sealed the doom of the Confederate States of America, launched the rebellion on an inclined plane, where rest or recovery were impossible, and the balance of the trip, to us, was down grade, but rising ever higher and higher towards the beatific and the glorious end. For this result you are entitled to more praise and more honor than you will receive in our day; generations yet to come will hear from us.

The army, in time of war, whether in the regular, or volunteer service, is of necessity a monstrous despotism. A realm of strict discipline, hard work, and unfailing and prompt obedience—and with all, where honors are most unequally distributed: nothing short of the most strict and rigid discipline could hold an army together for a single day, or prevent it becoming an immense mob, capable of much mischief and no good—or falling to pieces—like a rope of sand, under the pressure of the slightest tension.

We are cool upon the subject of military honors—not much heated, I trust, on any theme connected with the war. Have no part in any controversy that has, or that may arise, on this, or that mere incident of the army experiences, or happenings. Want to open no questions of dispute with friends or enemies. We are not anxious for a review in masquerade, or otherwise of the past. Enough that we have done what we have done, and therewith are content.

An army, with a captain who is complete master of himself, and thoroughly understands his business, differs widely in efficiency in the field, from one without such a leader. When Napoleon entered his carriage, and took leave of his friends in Paris to join his army, then on or near the Belgian frontier, said he, "I go to measure swords with Wellington." Soon the two great Generals of the age were measuring swords on the field of Waterloo, one of the great battles of the World. History has recorded the result of this meeting, but the world of mankind after three quarters of a century, are not yet agreed as to which was the greater Captain, Napoleon or Wellington.

An opinion prevails, and has obtained expression in Europe, and in America as well, that the General in chief of the Southern Army and his heads of divisions were superior in ability to conduct campaigns, and lead large armies in the field to officers of like grade in the Northern army.

The Laws of Fact are severe, and sometimes stubborn things to deal with, and need to be studied and well understood. All along the history of our late war are facts and incidents, which if properly understood, and correctly interpreted, lead us to a very

different conclusion. The war, as most wars do, developed much bright and useful talent, and brought to the front and to prominence, some of the greatest captains to be found in the records of warfare. But no one of these, however honored and renowned, excelled all others in every form of true greatness. Therefore, as between the armies of the two sections North and South the question of Generalship may remain an open and undecided one for all time to come. Nevertheless facts will remain, and will tell a very truthful, and convincing story to the impartial student of history. Among the problems that will come up, and demand solution will be one, not yet much discussed in military or other circles, viz: Under the theory of superior Generalship, in chief and subordinates; how did it come to pass, that in all the first-class battles fought during the war—and there were many such—the Southern army, with all its boasted generalship, never gained one decided victory and in case of *advantage gained*—and there are many such on record—why was it that never in a single instance did it follow up the advantage to any decisive result? Advantages rendered more than useless, and wholly thrown away by not being followed up at the opportune moment; superior generalship should, occasionally at least, have produced a different result. Mention may be made of one such instance, while many are omitted.

The first day's work at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., when everyone was fresh, and full of vigorous courage, told fearfully upon our lines, and resulted so in favor of the enemy, that at the going down of the sun, he claimed not only an advantage gained, but a decided victory as well. I was on the ground, and believed

then, and still believe, that if the enemy had pressed his advantage for one hour more, the result must have been the utter rout and ruin of our army, in that part of the theatre of the war. But as occurred in many similar cases he failed to follow up his advantage—dearly bought—and lost all he had gained, simply by, and through this neglect or bad generalship, for by the rising of the sun next morning our lines were reformed and reinforced, and the enemy at once driven from the field. How shall we account for these strange facts, except on the ground of want of good generalship?

General Braddock, in contempt of the advice given him by young Washington, said, "High times, high times, when a young Buckskin must teach a British officer how to fight" and said when mortally wounded, "We will do better next time." But alas! the next time never came to him; for though he lived to see his mistake, he did not live to correct it, or to do better. The records of our terrible war when fully written, will disclose errors, blunders, and mistakes enough on both sides: however as to that matter we all of the present day have made mistakes enough to teach those who shall come after us, to do much better than we have done. Therefore we will not severely, or unkindly criticise our Southern friends in their management and conduct of the war, and for one consideration if for no other, viz: They that live in, or have inhabited glass houses must not be the first—if at all—to throw ugly stones.

For two things we are thankful to the Confederate soldier, and for which we praise him; overlooking—for the time being, many, and most aggravating acts of pure inwardness of which he was guilty toward us and

ours, viz: *First*, in that he helped us to make the American Citizen Soldier, an honor in all lands; and *Second*, after meeting us with manly firmness and heroic courage on many hard fought fields, at the last he surrendered to us, and not we to him. We are entitled to some praise however, in that we did not bear hard on a beaten foe. Henceforth we are at peace one with another, and ask God to judge between us for all time to come: no more war for us.

It is proper and this is a fit occasion, and it may prove instructive even at this late date, for us to make inquiry as to the result of the war; its *success* or *failure*, as others have done, are still doing, and will continue to do, till the end shall come. But to place the question in the form of a problem for solution or demonstration:

Has The War Paid?

We might with equal propriety ask: Did the war of Independence pay? The one was to establish self-government, and the other to perpetuate the same blessings among the people. Considered in the light simply of bloodshed and treasure expended, without reference to other important results, we cannot say that the war has or ever will pay; and in contemplating the simple incidents, and eventualities of the war, we are quite ready to ask: Why might not an alwise and merciful Providence have spared us this terrible shedding of blood, and this enormous destruction of property? We may sometimes err, even sin, and give publicity to our own failures in matters of conscience, by calling in question, or misconstruing the ways and dealings of Providence with individuals, and with Nations. Cromwell's trust in Providence with plenty of dry powder in the magazine: Napoleon's theory of

Providence acting with the heaviest battalions; Crockett's hard-fisted rule of "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and Lincoln's pious and safe logic of our ranging ourselves with complete certainty on the Lord's side, in the beginning of an action, and not waiting for the Lord to come over on our side, something the Lord may not do. These ideas enter into the construction of a formula that works well in war, and equally so in peace.

We must have known, in the North and in the South, and therefore did not act in ignorance of fact, what civil war meant in one of the most powerful and determined nations of the world: with American blood up, and all else at white heat, there could have been no mistake. We were admonished by the blessings of a long and prosperous peace, by the deep toned thunders of the mighty past, and by unfailing and portentous prophesy, extending far into the future. We heeded not the admonition, passed on and were well punished. It looks, to an impartial observer, like a clear case of sowing the wind and harvesting the whirlwind.

There are many questions, and deep-seated misunderstandings, in Church, and State, which diplomacy, however well or wisely directed, cannot settle. Our war in its incipiency and subsequent prosecution it would seem, involved more than one question of this class. But when Fort Sumpter was assailed, the first shot fired there aroused the whole country, diplomacy ceased its efforts, cannon, double shotted, and the tramp of armies of resolute and brave men became the vocal arguments and loud voiced umpires of all differences in existence, North and South of Mason and Dixon's Line. Soon our Council Chambers and Halls

of Legislation were transformed into arsenals where the god of war forged and stored his thunder bolts, and sent them forth on their errands of death.

Very few now as formerly, will claim that the war is a failure, as many did without waiting for the crushing logic of facts and events to shed light upon, and settle the question. After, often differs much from during, or before the event: much hasty prediction before, silence after—one not inspired should wait till he knows before prophesying.

The war is an event, or incident in the life of the nation, which must be viewed, studied and understood, not in its antecedants alone, nor yet in the horror of its execution; destroyed towns and cities; fields laid waste; graves of slain heroes where once stood splendid mansions, parks, and pleasure grounds. These are some of the horrors attending upon a struggle which cannot be hidden from sight, or blotted from memory. Our thoughts need to be withdrawn from the past, and directed to what is around us, and in advance of us, to properly estimate what has been done: Chicago, as wood was devoured by fire, but reappeared, built of marble and granite, and thus built may stand for ages.

The pioneer, who, at the cost of immense labour and toil, has carved out of the primeval forest a farm, and built a house for himself and his, or accomplished the same success, in spite of the rough and deep-seated difficulties of the Grand Prairie, if he shall estimate the value of his labour by the proceeds of his first crop, in ready money, will find himself deeply discouraged, and will conclude he has laboured in vain and to no good purpose; and only recover from his surprise and disappointment when he realises the fact, that he has built

from a small beginning, for himself, a home which no earthly power dare invade, or molest.

It becomes us, Comrades, here and elsewhere, to turn away from, as far possible, the horrors attending the execution of the duties of our high trust—committed to us as soldiers in the field, and rest with the pleasure and gratitude which it is calculated to inspire in all our hearts—while we take a brief view of some of the good that has come to us from the war; now, as formerly, sung and named “cruel war,” and—

First: the war has given us a more *Perfect Union*, which result—situated as we are—cannot be over-estimated. It is not sufficient that we should have *a Union*, but we must have *an indissoluble one*, or our fathers, and we after them, have laboured in vain.

The Greeks at one time, united, might have ruled the world, but failing to agree among themselves, they lost the grand opportunity of ruling the world and of governing themselves at the same time.

Formerly our own Statesmen were not agreed as to the character and nature of the Union existing among the American States. Whether a mere league or alliance, compact or contract for certain purposes: at best considered a Union held together by very feeble lines—light to be borne, and easy to be thrown off on occasion. True, others gave the Union a character of strength and solidity, much beyond all this speculation. But it required the war to knead, press, and pound the Union into solidity, where it could stand alone, without tinkering, or falling to pieces. The result was as certain as Logarithms, and could have but one issue under the Laws governing the Universe.

The war gave us—not only a more perfect Union,

but at the same time swept away much that might produce trouble in future.

We need not pause to particularize or to specify. Under the new state of things we have no North, no South, except ^{as} geographical or, as astronomical terms, telling us where we are, or where we may breath heaven's free air on our own free soil, or where the sun is in his journeyings between the tropics, or where he rides the Ecliptic. Mason and Dixon's Line is for ever wiped out, and has lost all political significance. We may still hear of a solid South, or of a solid North, but both you shall find are solid for the Union of these States, and will remain so.

The East and the West never had a Mason and Dixon's Line, and never will have—politically or otherwise. True, the West—covetous and greedy child of a fond mother—has always made heavy demands upon the East, but the East, with prompt liberality, has always responded to these calls, and sent out this way, multitudes of her best men and women, and very many of her most promising and enterprising young people.

The South has always responded with equal promptness, and helped on with the great work of peopling the West.

The Union of the States, by the decrees of Almighty Providence, and the Eternal Laws of Nature, must be for ever. A nation—an united nation—a grand sisterhood of nations—a model for all governments, and a government for all nations to respect.

This is what the fathers meant when they were laying the foundations, deep and broad, of a more Perfect Union—one that should give stability to the government, and prosperity to the people.

A *Second* result of the war may be named in passing, and is seen in the lessons of instruction it has given to the world, which lessons have already produced results good and true. When we take into consideration the magnitude of the war—a line of battle two thousand miles long in the direction the sun runs, and a thousand miles deep between the Poles—it ceases to be matter of astonishment, that we saw the great eye of the world intently fixed upon us. The world was not asleep while we were engaged in the fearful conflict. The world does not sleep at such times, but is more than ever awake, looking out for opportunity. Our battles were not fought in a corner, nor behind closed doors, but out in open space, with the steadfast sun looking down upon us.

This business is full of instruction to statesmen and military gentlemen studious to learn, and will furnish the best examples and models the world has yet had for instruction in military tactics. There are important lessons to all mankind in what we attempted and failed to do, as in what we did. Sometimes failure is a better teacher than success.

We had at the head of the nation, as President from beginning to end of the struggle, a man—God sent—with the heart of the lamb and the lion joined in one in him; strong of nerve and true of heart, well fortified with clear knowledge, and firm belief in the cause in hand; never wasting vital force in noise or show; of laconic but almost pious exactitude in all things; most highly respected by all—reverenced by some, well, but not too well served and obeyed; always in perfect command of himself.

To have had a man of unflinching integrity at the

head of affairs, surrounded by men of integrity, while the country was passing such dangerous and fearful crises, is matter of lasting gratitude to the American people. Want of integrity, wherever it may exist, in public or private life, is always an expensive and dangerous luxury, and is costing us to-day, more than all simple luxuries and all evils the age is heir to, combined. When was there before, or when will there be again, such a work wrought as that done by our own good *Abraham Lincoln*.?

Still, about him and his councillors in the conduct of the war, and the management of public business, fell fierce criticisms and angry reproaches, like a shower of burning, blazing rockets from the blue vault of heaven.

So it has been, and so it will continue to be, that the best of people, in some period, if not all along in life, are the best abused people in the world.

The effect this lesson of the war has had upon the world is apparent in the opinion held of us and our form of Government now and formerly.

The American Flag, since it was first given to the air of freedom in 1776, has always commanded respect: but since our war it is saluted with the highest honors, and looked upon with admiration by all nations, when seen on land, or ocean, or high-seas. To have rallied round that flag, carried it, fought under it, and defended it, is looked upon by all intelligent Europeans—and should be so esteemed by ourselves, as the highest honor possible to man. That *Flag* is ours, and we give it a place in our fondest affections, only a little below the *Cross*—and at least a part of the honor of defending it is ours in the past, and shall be our duty in the future, in all the ways and by all the means possible to us.

To-day no foreign potentate, however powerful in his dominions, or covetous of the territory of another, would dare plant himself, as did *Napoleon Third*, convenient to our South-western border, with a view to some rich slices, cuttings or parings, from our inviting territory, when the time of division and partitioning should come: which time by himself, and a few others like himself, might have been thought drawing near. Time does work changes among men and things, in many ways and in many places on the earth's surface. The case is different now with all our neighbours, and all are anxious to be on good terms with us, which is quite as well for them, and ourselves as well. With our neighbours on either side of the ocean, we have no quarrel—no malice, envy, or jealousy, on any account. We are a people eminently capable of attending to our own business, and allowing other people and nationalities to do the same. We are where the Almighty planted us—between the seas—for a wise purpose, and He will make a great nation and a wise and good people of us, if we do not defeat the ends of Divine Wisdom concerning us. Yes! we are where God planted us, and are among the nations, like Mount Zion, above the mountains round about Jeruselam, crowned with the Temple of the Living God.

Third, besides important and instructive lessons to our near and distant neighbours, of all nationalities, the war has given us a more perfect knowledge of ourselves; of the resources of the country, and of the temper and disposition of our people.

The world has made favorable note, and honorable mention of our courage and skill upon the battle-field, and speaks well of our soldiering generally. But

soldiers and statesmen, and philanthropists, and all good people acquainted with the facts, have expressed unbounded admiration for our moderation and humanity as conquerors. Our people detested war with a fervent hatred, and love peace as an heritage from the Lord; but loved justice also, and when they had saved the country from its life and death peril, hailed peace with joy, and heralded its return with bonfires and illuminations.

Philosophers and christian scientists have been loud in their call, and fervent in their aspirations and speculations for the advent of the coming race, as when the world waited for the fulness of time that should bring the promised Messiah. But the great coming race, so long and so clearly foreshadowed in the dreams of philosophers, is already come; is actually here, and built of the best bone and muscle, and nerve, and brain; the highest perfectibility the human race has been able to produce. The best material, gathered from all climates and soils, and races of men, and here assimilated—North, South, East and West, and adapted to environment—is here to stay, and to flourish while time lasts. There is an honor which comes of having ancestors alone, short-lived, and of questionable quality while it lasts. We are not the last of our race, nor are we the beginning. We stand good distance from the shore, with an open sea and fair sailing before us; and to change the figure a little, as is permissible to us—as our national emblem has taught us—so may we, Eagle-like, soar aloft and fly straight for the sun: for the grand prize and achievement of the race and age is yet before, above and beyond us.

It was my good fortune to come early in life into the

proud State of Illinois—the State not yet having passed its log-cabin period. Travelled before there were railroads from the extreme South, quite to the Northern limits of the State—at that time a horse that was a good swimmer was considered a safe conveyance—was most favorably impressed with its great physical outline, and its magnificent distances, its grand prairies, its Mississippi river, and its untold and unequalled fertility of soil, elegant climate, and other sources of wealth and true greatness, felt that I was in a new world and believed that I was in a coming world at the same time. Spent within the limits of the State much of my youth and mature manhood, and visited nearly every County in the State, mingled with, and studied its interesting, intelligent, and rapidly increasing populations, and thought that I understood them well after an intimate acquaintance of an average lifetime, or one whole generation, in which I was not an idle spectator, but an active co-laborer with, and among the people.

Still it is true that when President Lincoln and Governor Yates, called me from an occupation in which I was considered something of a success, and thrust me out to raise a Regiment, when recruiting for the army service was considered difficult, and then sent me into a service in which there was reasonable probability of my proving a failure: while I believed that there were unlimited possibilities in men, and all that was required was to make these possibilities real, and give them opportunity. Still I did not know that *One Thousand* such men as entered into the organization of the 73rd Illinois Volunteers, could be found within the limits of the State, and then I did not know them fully as soldiers till I saw them tested under fire: and I soon found

what was a most gratifying fact to me, viz: that I was the poorest stick of the lot out of which to make a soldier. I do not claim for the 73rd superiority over all others, but if there were any better soldiers in the service, it was not my good fortune to meet up with them; and I have thought, and am not yet quite convinced in reviewing the history of the war, that the thought is wholly wrong. That the State of Illinois marshalled, and equipped to its full capacity of men and means, with some *Son of Lightening* to lead us, could not have put down the rebellion in half of the time the work was accomplished as it was done.

It is among the possibilities of earnest warfare, to make *one* army equal to *three* in the field, by celerity of movement, stragetic ability, and military judgment. The correct method of dealing with the enemy, and crushing the rebellion, was not adopted till near the end of the war: moving in solid columns into the heart of the enemy's country, making highways, penetrating forests, bridging rivers, constructing railroads, and laying telegraph wires as the army advances.

No disparagement to our brave armies, or to our unequalled Captains, and Fieldmarshals—none whatever, far otherwise. Our soldiers were brave as the bravest, and our Generals worthy the high trust reposed in them: well up in the arts of war, skilled in strategy, and in the art of leading armies and directing campaigns, quick to discover an opportunity and to take advantage of it—not apt to make mistakes, or lose their heads.

But if there were serious delays and golden opportunities allowed to slip by, many councils of war that never fought, and much loud and long talk that never amounted to anything; the same was true of the other

side, and among our enemies. So upon the whole the one offset the other, and we got on quite comfortably, and in the end we came out ahead and on the winning side. The right and the might were ours.

It is contended by some, that the war ended too soon—that when Jeff Davis, on a certain important occasion, demanded Independence or annihilation for the States in rebellion, that we should have given him annihilation, as he could not, in the nature of things, have Independence.

But if the American War, after dragging its bloody form along for near five years, closed too soon, then it is the first war in heaven or on earth that closed too soon. It might have closed earlier, and at least saved many valuable lives. But who knows?

A *Fourth* result of the war, has been increased prosperity to all parts of the Country. Peace established, confidence restored, production, domestic trade and foreign commerce revived, and all has gone forward on the highway of success.

This result might have been anticipated, at least in part, from the removal of certain obstructions to domestic and foreign trade, inconsistent with the freedom of intercourse that should exist among the several States of the American Union.

But beside all this, war is a marvellously strange phenomenon, always considered and dreaded as a scourge from the Almighty, wherever it may fall, on barren or fruitful Countries, on savage or civilised peoples. We may never cease to look upon our late war as a calamity, and a calamity of such magnitude that the generation which endured it can never forget.

Still the worst of wars may be so overruled by

Providence as to be blessings in disguise. War cannot destroy soil and sunshine, the earth beneath and the heavens above remain as before. It may be the means of bringing into habits of industry, labor, and economy persons and communities, and whole populations, for their own and for their country's good; and that required some such experiences to wake things up a bit, and to give life and tone to public business, and private enterprise.

War may throw its dark shadows across the steadfast stars, but cannot shake them from their orbits; may obscure the sun for a time but cannot stop or change his course in the heavens; may shake, but cannot interrupt the revolutions of the earth on its axes; may lay waste the most fertile and fruitful countries, but an enterprising people will soon mend the breaches war has made.

France, after being the battlefield of one of the most destructive, and desolating wars Europe has ever known, and paying heavy war expenses of her own contracting, and an indemnity to her conqueror, at which all Europe looked amazed and stood aghast; in the sequel, is said to be in much better condition to-day, in her finances and in her domestic industry, than Germany. But France has, as we have, a wholesome legacy of debt.

Look at our own case, and country, and read an instructive lesson.

The South—redeemed from the battlefield and from the breaches that war made, bright sun, and broad skies above, and fertile soil, and charming climate beneath; relieved from a deadly incubus, which sat upon it for a hundred years, is springing into new life, and is

fast becoming what, with certainty it is destined to be; one of the chief garden spots of the world. In the South, as everywhere else, more prosperity, more ingenious industries, more manufacturing, more cotton, fruit and food, and more felicity among all classes than ever before—all of which might have come about without the war—but it may be considered a most gratifying result that it has come to us in spite of the war. Much has occurred that has disappointed the expectations of even thinking people; being a little out of the usual course of human events and human experiences.

It was feared in some circles in the North, and elsewhere, that if the soldier survived amid the vicissitudes of war, and returned to his former home, it would be as a desperado and a terror to his former friends and neighbours. But it was found at the last that if he went from his home a boy, he returned a man, and that if he went to the war a man he returned a manly man, having been tested in the balance of heroic action and found wanting in nothing; that the soldier returned to his home and friends a decided hero, and not as formerly in all lands, a reproach, and a by-word wherever met—responsibilities do sometimes produce good results.

Seventy Six had set us a good example in soldiering, under most trying circumstances achieving grand successes, and then returning to the duties and privileges of citizenship. But this was example and not experience to us, for, besides a little trouble with the mother country in 1812; some skirmishing with the Indians on the frontier; we had no war experiences, and went to the front, what might be called, regular green-horns.

We had had extensive experience in pioneering,

clearing away forests, and building houses for ourselves, all well for us, and good and wise instruction in its way: but we had not been called, as our fathers had been, to do and suffer to the fullest extent of human suffering and endurance. So when the shock came, who could tell what would stand or fall, who stand firm, or who waver in the face of the coming storm? The solution came, and it was found that many fell as the hero falls, face to face with the foe, and covered with glory—but not one failed or faltered, then or since. When you find the veteran soldier, you find a man in whose breast beats a true, and patriotic heart.

The man that can drag a cannon into position by the aid of twenty horses and a hundred men, more or less; dig graves with bayonets, and bury his fallen comrades in the face of the foe; dig trenches and build fortifications with his bare hands if need be, and then fight successfully and to the death behind them, or drive a six, eight, or ten mule team hitched to an army waggon, heavily loaded, over impassable roads—not one but four hubs out of sight—the man that can do this, be he christian or otherwise, come out with a whole skin and not swear, or only swear a little, that man will do to tie to, wherever he may pitch his tent.

To those now standing in the clear sunshine, after the storm has passed, no clouds visible and the darkness all gone, the war may seem to partake much of the nature of a big fuss upon a small occasion. Some that were in their cradles at the time these stirring events were taking place, a mother's love wrapping them warm and soft, and others of more mature years at home out of danger, and beyond harms reach, such may be excused for not comprehending the magnitude of the

struggle, or the importance of the principles and questions at issue. To us who knew all and stood face to face with death in defence of all, the case is widely different, and we must be allowed to think and speak for ourselves, as well as profit by the experience.

Cannon to the right, left, front and rear of us, and plenty of good rifles in the hands of skilful marksmen, not always at long range, but often at close quarters, with bayonets fixed and ready for use—first come, first served—these were some of the facts that made things lively and interesting with us at the front.

I must be allowed, indulgent comrades, to insist that the war knocked a great deal of badness out of us first and last, and that we came back wiser and better men than we went away. If we were at the front to-day, I do not believe that even *Jack of Clubs* would attempt to hide his cards when his colonel was making inquisition for them, but would hold them up to full view and tell the truth about them. “Yes! here they are, a sure-enough pack of cards, and I am trying to teach these young fellows how *wicked* and how *dangerous* it is to handle cards in the enemy’s country.”

A *Fifth*, and crowning result of the war has been *to bring us nearer to God.*

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At the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, many good people—as others since have done—considered severe in their views and convictions, have lamented the absence of the name of Deity in its preamble and other parts as well. But in this day we are able to see traces of God’s Infinite Wisdom in each, and every department, division, and section of the Constitution; and recognise in it an inspiration only a little below that which has come to us

with the Law of Sinai. Clear as a proposition in Euclid—not a word superfluous nor a word wanting; written as with an immortal pen freshly dipped in inspiration—there it stands, firm, solid, and fixed as the *Old Rocks* upon which the Continent is built: one of the fixed facts of this world, and one of the few “*Things that cannot be moved.*”

The history of Governments and of Legislation, has established the fact, that the laws most respected and readily obeyed by the people, and executed with the least trouble, are those with the most of the laws of God in them.

Go to France for example, enter its beautiful Capital: you will see much to admire, much to interest, and to instruct you: at the same time—though in the midst of *beautiful France*, you are reminded on every hand, and are painfully conscious of the total absence of that one grand thought which is the guiding star to all right thinking, and that fertilizes all thought, viz:—“Thou God seest me,”—personal responsibility and strict accountability to God—that in Him we live, and move, and have our being.

The decree of the Assembly, made and recorded in the broad light of day, “There is no God,” was the legitimate result of this state of things and made France what it remains—Instable, Bloody, Revolutionary France.

The death of President Lincoln occurring when and as it did, was the most alarming incident of the war; it was all the horrors of the war concentrated in one great horror, and, filling all space left no room for escape. Like a bolt from the blue above, and rushing like an avalanche of burning, fiery lava from a

volcano newly opened from earth's centre, spreading with earthquake shocks, over the whole land, the blackness of a darkness impenetrable following—a terrible and inexpressible sorrow fell upon all hearts, with a depth and weight of grief unknown to us before.

Some there were who had been through the fiery ordeals that preceded this fell stroke, struggled still to hope; others overwhelmed in grief and absorbed in dark forebodings as to what next, all alike mourning in silent grief the fallen hero—and bowed low in supplication to the Almighty to deliver us from impending ruin.

In the midst of this universal grief and crushing weight of despair, Garfield said, "Lincoln is dead, but God reigns." This was a column of light standing and shining in the midst of the deep darkness.

When Garfield fell as Lincoln had fallen—by the hand of the assassin—the event shocked the Continent, and shook the ocean, and the nations of Christendom took up the lamentation; but the great American heart with accelerated pulsations, but full of trust in the Almighty said, "Lincoln is dead, and Garfield is dead, but God reigns, and in Him is our trust."

Two such inflictions as the taking away of Lincoln and Garfield, had not before fallen upon our young nation. The one taken from the helm which he had grasped with firm hand and steady nerve, for quite five years, and as he was coming into port, after one of the most perilous voyages any commander ever attempted, and a voyage no other man could have made, as is confidently believed.

The other, snatched away from the head of the nation, and from a high station to which he had been promoted by the choice of the people, after a political

campaign among the most important and exciting in the history of the country, and only just preceded by one adjudged and regarded the most perilous of all. So that change came of necessity at a time when change was least desirable, and most to be dreaded in its consequences.

It is thought by some of us, that such men as these have no peers, and that therefore they leave no successors. But such men will have successors while there are men inspired by the same motives and sentiments, as impelled them on in the straight line of duty.

When it was reported in Greece that Philip of Macedonia was dead, the orator of Athens said, "The people will raise up another Philip,"—and so it usually comes to pass, that the people find among themselves just what they want, to fill any vacancies that may occur from any cause whatever.

When the old Prophet of Israel, in hiding from those that sought his life, requested that he might die because he stood alone: he was straightway informed that "God had four hundred good men in reserve, that had never bowed the knee to Baal."

Two important conclusions we draw from these facts, viz: *First*, the life and welfare of the nation do not rest, wholly, upon any one person; it matters not how good, wise, or useful that person may be—and *Second*, any calamity, however great or severe, local or general, in any country, will prove in the end, under Providence, a distinguished blessing if it be the means of drawing the people nearer to God—always safe refuge for the people in peace or war.

If I may be permitted to speak a little of my own experiences:—God never seemed to come so near to me

and mine, before or since, as He did on that bloody Sunday at Chickamauga; and the angels as they passed on their missions of mercy paused to look into these things. Comrades, we were never so near heaven as we were on that terrible occasion, and will not be again till caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

Comrades, your work is not yet finished. While you have wrought well and faithfully in the past as soldiers and citizens, your work is not yet complete, nor will be till you receive your final discharge from your country's service, and cease at once to work and live. I have been asked, very many times, "Where, in the line of the soldier's duties is the place of all others—if there be such a place—best calculated to test his courage?" My reply unhesitatingly is—*on the Picket Line*. Not that there is a moment while in the service, or in the line of duty when his courage is not under test, and therefore it is that the soldier may rejoice only when he lays off the harness of war, and not as he puts it on. The schoolboy spoke truthfully—though a little out of the ordinary reading of the passage—when he said, "There was an excellent *Spine* in Daniel."

The soldier has need of backbone first, last, and all the time. While the soldier finds himself an atom in a moving mass, or floating in the swift current about him, he may experience but little fear, nor find it difficult to keep in line with his comrades in arms: this is a divided responsibility and danger shared with others, but place him on the Picket Line, alone, where every soldier must go, in face of a deadly foe—where picket lines are certain to be located, and his environment and circumstances are much changed. It might be thought that the darkness would cover and

protect him, but that same darkness may conceal the stealthy approach of a wily foe.

Comrades, your place to-day, and will continue to be while you are in your country's service, is on the picket line, still the place of danger and responsibility; while others may sleep you must stand with your face to the front, eyes well open, and in sleepless vigilance watching for the coming of the enemy, and in whatever direction he may make his appearance you must be prompt to meet and beat him off, and show him no quarter—nothing but unconditional surrender.

And if enquiry be made of you as to the authority by which you do such things, remember the brave Ethan Allen, who when asked by what authority he demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga made reply, "By the authority of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

As you are the uncompromising friends and advocates of Law and Order, you must be equally the enemies of Anarchy and Lawlessness. All assaults from without must be met with promptness, and repelled, while all indications of disloyalty from within, from whatever cause or quarter they may spring, must with equal promptitude be met, and repressed and crushed out. We cannot allow the seeds of another war to germinate, mature, and bear fruit in a soil so recently purified at the expense of so much blood and treasure. We may excuse our ancestors for committing a mistake of this kind, under the force and pressure of circumstances peculiar to the times, but it would be inexpensable in us not to profit by their example. We have labored, and those that shall come after us will enter into, and reap the benefit of our labours—but we must not

endanger the rich legacy left, by allowing latent danger to lie buried within, to develop and plague our children.

General Grant said, "Let us have Peace," he might have added:—and cut off the head of the first man that says War.

Comrades, adieu ! and if it shall be for the last time on earth, still adieu !! for so it must be now: but we shall meet again.

I have no language at all adequate to express the unalloyed pleasure it has given me to grasp, once more, in love and true friendship, these strong hands, and to look again into these manly faces.

Two things will always be present to my waking vision; and these come up with peculiar force and power, as I look over these thinned ranks, and count the few that remain, of the One Thousand brave men that went from here to the front twenty-eight years ago.

First, the manner in which I saw your powers of endurance, and your prowess tested on more than one great and truly terrible occasion.

Second, the recollection of our fallen and dearly beloved comrades. If my head were water, and my eyes a fountain of tears, these could not suffice for the deep and still deepening sorrow I feel.

Though I know, full well, that they have been advanced and promoted to a higher life, and have entered upon the fuller enjoyment than we, of their reward.

"Die on the field of Battle, 'tis noble thus to die,
God loves the valiant soldier; his record is on high."
—as you used to sing.

Though we separate here, we shall still be in the

ranks, with our faces firmly to the front, and our eyes looking steadily onward and upward; and with each setting sun we shall pitch our moving tent one day's march nearer home; and as we advance, if we fall, as we must, sooner or later, let our last roll call be in the East or West, North or South, among comrades, friends or strangers, still we shall fall with our faces to the front, and relieved of the burdens and labours of life, and escaping from the perils of land, and sea, and ocean, move on towards the front, our ranks well in line, beyond the distant borders of our own earth, and passing other planets, other systems, other suns, and other worlds, far beyond the most distant star, we shall approach, and enter, and make our final encampment in that boundless Dominion whose centre is the Throne of the Living God; and so may you, and I and all of us be forever with the Lord.





Post Card





Crowning Exaltation: EXULTATION TOO,
Heights of Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863.

From W. H. Nowlin, Springfield, Ill., Historian, 72d Ill.
Regt., "Narrative of Prison Escape," 130 pages, Illustrated.

Feb 3, 1862 4

POST CARD

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Col. J. F. JACQUESS. 73d Ills., prominent in obtaining July, 1864, "That Ult'ation."

This card one of set of Patriotic Pictorial Post Cards, "cuts" selected from those used in illustrating 73d Ills. and "Narrative of Prison Escape."

The North was Mad and Blind

It would not let us govern ourselves, and so the war came, and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battle, *unless you acknowledge our right to self-government.* We are not fighting for slavery; *we are fighting for independence,* and that or extermination we will have.

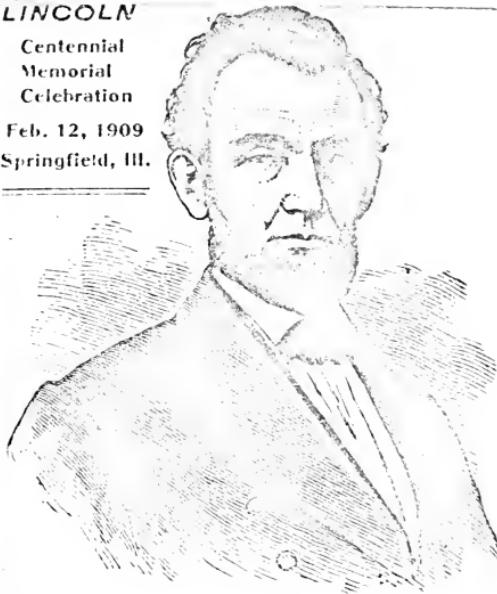
[Ultimatum. See Chapter 8, 73d ill.]



LINCOLN

Centennial
Memorial
Celebration

Feb. 12, 1909
Springfield, Ill.



From Annual Address by Henry A. Castle of St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 15, 1891
8th Reunion, 7th Illinois Survivors. "He is down in this city of Spring-
field, forever, illustrious, forevermore, was growing for his glory one of
the marvels and miracles of history."

Post
Card

Price
One-Cent Stamp
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SACRIFICE.

Offerings of the People on the Altar of their Country:
Offerings, Life and Treasure.



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Capitol Building, Nashville, Tenn.

From W. H. Newlin, Springfield, Ill., Historian, 73d Ill.
Publisher, "Narrative of Prison Escape," 136 pages, Illustrated.



GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS.

Rock of Chickamauga.

Post Card

One Cent
Stamp



COTTON GIN - FRANKLIN BATTLE FIELD, was amid severest commotion, contention and excitement November 30th, 1864.

From W. H. Newlin, Springfield, Ill., Historian, 73d Ill. Publisher, "Narrative of Prison Escape," 136 pages, Illustrated.



GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS.

*"Aim low; shin them; one wounded man is worth
two dead men."*

Post Card

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SUPPORTING SKIRMISHERS.

"Will we advance or retreat?" That depends.

From W. H. Newlin, Springfield, Ill., Historian, 73d Ill. Publisher, "Narrative of Prison Escape," 136 pages. Illustrated.

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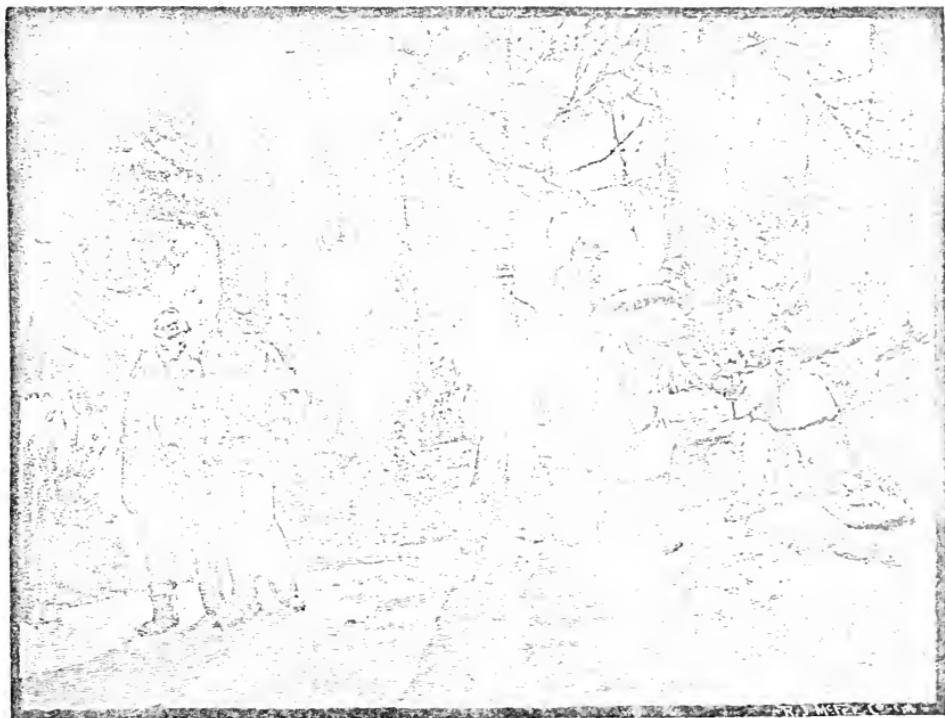
FOILED AT SEVEN MILE FERRY.—An intensely thrilling experience.

"PRISON ESCAPE"—Feb. 19, 1864



FOILED AT SEVEN MILE FERRY.—An intensely thrilling experience.

"PRISON ESCAPE"—Feb. 26, 1864



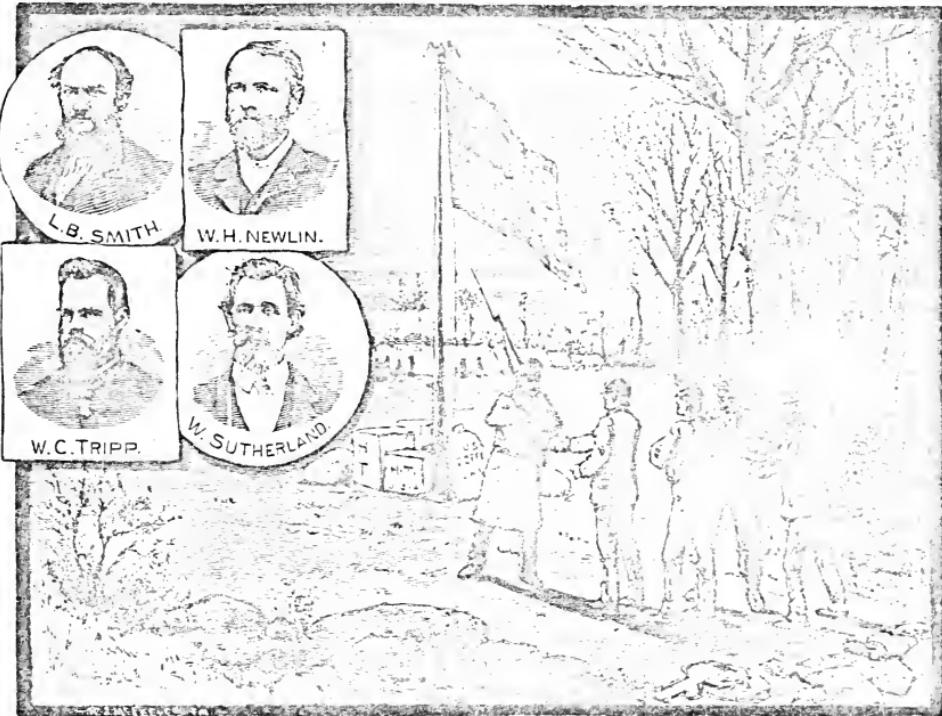
LEFT ALONE.—A mound eastward from Blue Ridge Mountain is probable explanation.

"PRISON ESCAPE"—Feb. 26, 1864



LEFT ALONE.—A mound eastward from Blue Ridge Mountain is probable explanation.

"OUT OF THE WOODS"—March 21, 1864'



Two Michigan, two Ohio, one Massachusetts, and one Illinois comrades started on this escape from prison. Two comrades, Taylor and Tripp, were left enroute. Wood died June 20, 1864.

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